Psyche Puns

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Psyche Puns

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Summary

Anteros: Greek god of requited love. Formed from the water and passion between Poseidon and Nerites.

Or, discussions of Greek mythology in the bath.

Notes

I wrote this in three hours, hope it turned out well!

See the end of the work for more notes

“I want you,” Will purrs against Hannibal’s lips, voice thick on lust and elderflower-jasmine cocktails. They had meant to save the cocktail mixture in order to have some across the week, but Will had just mixed the entire mixture into vodka lemonade and kept refilling his glass. And now his words were low and soft, leaning in ever closer and lightly squeezing the inside of Hannibal’s thigh. “Pretty please?”

How could Hannibal ever refuse him anything?

Though he was reconsidering that decision as he woke in the morning to a splitting headache and an empty side of the bed. After staggering to the bathroom, he found a note taped to the mirror.

Had to run, early appointment. I’ll be home for dinner, can we have that teriyaki thing again?

Love you

Hannibal found himself smiling of his own accord, and kept the smile on his face as he placed the pork in a teriyaki sauce in order for it to marinate all day. Even enjoying the coffee left in the maker from when Will made it before he left. Domesticity, it was a comfort. Truly, he would enjoy nothing more than to stay home today and prepare a nicer dinner than usual, but he was giving a lecture this afternoon, he had to be sure everything was in order. He poured the last bit of the elderflower syrup into his thermos of tea before heading out the door.

“Anteros, an oft-forgotten god from Greek mythology. God of requited love, and avenger of scorned lovers, of unrequited love,” Hannibal says as he clicks to the next slide that depicts the deity in a delicate pose, bow and arrows of lead in hand. “Some versions of his origin claim that he was created by the love between Poseidon and Nerites, and some claim that he was created as a counterpart to the lonely Eros, as love must be answered if it is to ever prosper. It is a fascinating connection between the two most important fixtures in the life of Eros, Anteros and Psyche, of whom you all know already. As you can see, Anteros is depicted as a younger man with longer hair than his counterpart, and with plumed butterfly wings on his back. In some of her incarnations, Psyche herself has the wings of a butterfly, as her name in Greek translates to ‘butterfly,’ and she known as the deification of the human soul.”

Hannibal turns to another slide and opens his mouth to continue, only to look out into the audience and meet Will’s bright eyes from the end of the front row. His mouth is upturned in a smile and nods for him to keep going. Hannibal smiles again, and continues with the lecture.

“An altar to Anteros was set up in Athens by the *metics,* the foreign residents of Athens, in honor of Tamagoras. Tamagoras was a *metic* who fell in love with the Athenian Meles, for once Meles heard Tamagoras’ confession of love, he mockingly ordered him to throw himself from the top of a large rock, who then did so and died. After watching this man willingly end his own life for his perceived happiness, Meles was filled with despair and threw himself from the same rock.”

Will’s eyes were shining with interest, Hannibal made a conscious effort to refocus on his lecture.

“Now, Plato uses *anteros* as a term to describe the result of great love for another person. The lover himself, inspired by true beauty, fills his loved one's soul with his own love. Thus, the loved one falls back in love, even if it is initially viewed as friendship. And they experience great pain apart from each other, and true bliss when reconnected. The mirror image of their feelings is, therefore, *anteros,* ‘counter-love.’ Two halves of the same soul, filling in each other's cracks and gaps, making life worth living.”

As soon as the lecture comes to an end, with the applause dying down and the audience files out of their seats, Hannibal gathers his papers and heads over to where Will remains in his own seat. He grins and rises from his chair, clapping slowly.

“Truly fascinating, professor,” Will teases, letting Hannibal lift his chin up with a finger and kissing him gently on the lips. “Surprised to see me?”

“In the most pleasant way possible,” Hannibal smiles, looking him over. “Although the black suit is a little severe for daywear.”

“Funny, would you believe that I was going for ‘slightly-unsettling-therapist-that-sees-too-much’ today,” Will smirks, brushing his hair back from his forehead. “And I know you like it when I wear your stupidly expensive clothes.”

Now it has dawned on Hannibal, and he narrowed his eyes slightly. “That is my jacket.”

Will winks and leans in to kiss him on the cheek, moving away so that Hannibal can’t respond in due time. “I’ll return it. Gotta run, I’ll be home on time, promise.”

Hannibal takes Will’s hand and kisses the ring on his hand, and Will smiles in return. “I will anticipate your arrival every second.”

Will should have taken the umbrella with him when he left for work today, and now it’s biting him in the ass because the heavens have opened up and rain is soaking his suit through and he is shivering by the time he gets back home, the door swinging shut behind him in time with the low rumble of thunder.

“I’m home,” he calls out, taking the jacket off and hanging it on the hook and hoping that it will dry before Hannibal notices. He heads into the kitchen, loosening his tie and watches as Hannibal chops a hunk of ginger. Hannibal just barely resists letting out a sigh as he studies Will’s soaked state.

“Hello, Will.”

“Yeah, I know, I should have taken the umbrella, but it was only supposed to be a thirty percent chance today,” Will groans, stretching his neck out. Hannibal adds the ginger to the sauce and turns around to look Will up and down.

“Would you care for a bath?” he asks. Will smiles and nods. “Excellent, would you start the water and get in, I will put the meat in the oven, it should cook for another hour and a half.”

Will nods again, heading up the stairs to their bathroom, starting the tub with hot water and adding the lavender bubble bath. He peels himself out of his drenched clothes and sinks down with a sigh into the hot, steamy water, breathing in the sweet air and ducking his head underneath, letting the warmth spread all over him.

He’s just leaning his head against the back of the tub when there’s a knock. “Come in,” he calls, and Hannibal opens the door with a glass of chilled whiskey, which Will accepts. “Thanks.”

“My pleasure,” Hannibal states as he rolls up his crisp white sleeves and takes a seat on the little stool behind the tub, directly behind Will. He takes the nearby bottle of shampoo and squeezes some into his hand and squirts a little amount into his hand, rubbing both hands together and then gently placing them in Will’s hair, working all the way down to the roots. Will lets out another deep sigh after he takes a sip of his drink.

“‘S nice,” he breathes out, content to let Hannibal work out the tangles and massaging at his scalp, down to his temples. It’s incredible, really, that these hands that can snap a neck as easily as a stalk of celery, and yet are at the most soothing things in the world. He knows that Hannibal *loves* doing this, it’s a rare treat for him that Will allows him to do this, so it’s a special occasion for the both of them. Just this moment of pure intimacy, no words even need to be said.

But of course, Hannibal can never remain silent for long.

“Beautiful,” he says in a low register, fingers easing out any tension left in Will’s skull. “Beautiful.”

“Good lecture,” Will mutters again, draining the rest of the glass and holding it out. Hannibal removes the glass from his hand and sets it on the bathroom counter. “Tell me, did you send Anteros after me after Eros scratched you with an arrow?”

“I do not pray to any deity,” Hannibal states, but he continues to smile. “But I did give the thought consideration when you did not return my love.”

“I always did, I just never admitted it to myself,” Will retorts, tilting his head back more fully into Hannibal’s minstartions. “That feels so good. It’s like you’re melting my thoughts, and composing them into music.”

Hannibal leans forward then, humming against Will’s ear, some Vivaldi that he was fond off. Will smirked to himself as he closed his eyes.

“Lower,” he ordered, and he feels Hannibal pauses for a fraction of a minute, before sliding a hand down and rubbing at the base of Will’s neck while keeping up the message of his temple. Will let out a moan, and almost does it again as Hannibal smiles against his ear.

“Divine perfection, Adonis, Helen of Troy…my Anteros...my darling, beautiful Psyche…”

Will lazily opens one eye, and gives Hannibal a halfhearted glare. “Don’t make classical Greek puns about my *psyche.”*

“My apologies,” Hannibal says with another smile, teeth grazing the edge of Will’s ear, making his eyes close again. “I did not mean to offend you, love. Excuse me.”

And just like that, he’s gone from behind While, leaving the bathroom with a smug look and a remark about getting dinner out of the oven. Suddenly, the bathwater feels cold and Will groans in frustration. *Son of a bitch.*

So he gets out of the tub not long afterwards, not bothering to dry his hair, instead letting his curls go every which way. And instead of dressing, he simply puts on the silk robe Hannibal had bought a while back but never had the occasion to wear and heads downstairs, to his husband’s absolute delight.

“You look stunning,” he states, opening a bottle of wine and pouring two glasses. The plates were already set out on the table. “Please have a seat.”

Dinner is warm and delicious, with the well-marinated meat practically melting in their mouths, the sauce rich and heady and compliments multiple glasses of Riesling a little too well.

“I’ll get the dessert,” Hannibal said, his voice having the same rumble as the thunder rolling outside. Will offers a lazy smirk, finishing his...whatever number glass of wine this is, he doesn't remember, all he knows is that he’s had the same amount as Hannibal. He gets to his feet and blinks innocently, keeping the smirk on his face.

“It’s upstairs,” he says, his words feeling too soft, too airy, he might float up to the ceiling if Hannibal hadn’t risen from his chair and pulled him close, peppering his face with kisses, making him laugh. Then it starts getting more and more heated and he's being pressed down onto the dinner table, crushing the intricate flower arrangement.

“Upstairs,” he insists, swatting at Hannibal in order to get back up to his feet. Hannibal’s face is clouded in adoration, taking his hand and pulling him up the stairs to their room, not letting go the point where Will has to laugh and pull him down on top of him onto the bed.

“I should draw you like this,” Hannibal slurs, and Will last giggles at the sound of him actually *slurring* his perfect words. “Just like this, with curls and alabaster skin and - and butterfly wings. Ch-chrysalis, emerges from your - you know, to become-”

“We’re drunk, Hannibal, let’s have sex right now, draw me in the morning,” Will grins, finally laughing outright as he feels Hannibal’s usually controlled hands actually *shaking* as he undoes the tie to the silk robe.

End Notes

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